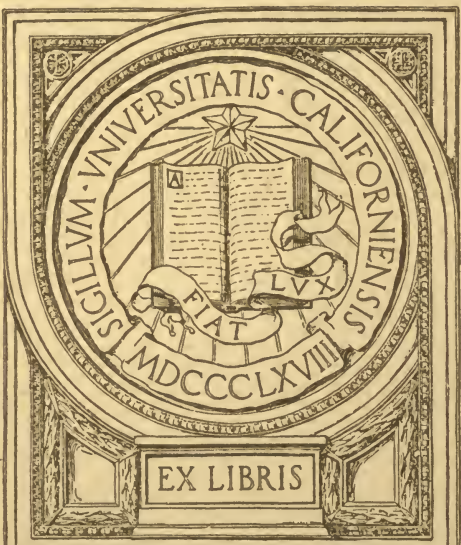
GIFT OF



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Modern Fallacies

An added chapter to

"Retrospection"

BY

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

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MODERN FALLACIES

PROLOGUE; SATAN, SOLUS

"SO! Is it so, my children"?—and he smiled, plying his tail with complacency. "Is it thus I find you amusing yourselves as Moses found his people on coming down from the Mount?—only I see nothing in your gambolings quite so rational as making for yourselves a golden calf to worship. A somewhat freer indulgence in blood-lust and malevolence than the occasion calls for, is it not? Christian Europe, in the most humane age of the world dehumanized, imbruted, all ablaze in a frenzy of wrath, your songs of happiness turned to hymns of hate, and this, four thousand years from Abraham, two thousand years from Christ. An advance in moral uprightness and refinement, truly!—though seemingly a profitless industry breeding men for manure. I am surprised,—and pleased, though I take shame in that I have no entertainment to offer you surpassing this.

"Or is it only an infernal festival I see, a celebration perchance of your vaunted civilization, your worshipful Christianity? Kindly interpret to me these terms, for in their signification I can discern nothing more than a thin veneer of culture and courtesy over raw human nature as exemplified in your illustrious predecessor Cain; the one, the evolution of the ages, the unfolding of intellect along lines always significant of its origin; the other a blind following of ancient fantasies the effluvia of ignorance and superstition.

"For you say, 'Ever the best remains,' 'The purest only to be permanent.' Wherefore after these many several centuries of effort and endurance we have before us in this highly intellectual and refined performance a specimen of your best and purest.

"'Love is the fulfilling of the law,' saith the scriptures. Behold how these Christians love one another!

"Again, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' This, then, that I see, is the fruitage of Christ's ministrations among you; this the application of his divine teachings to your daily lives. I seem to remember in times past something of discordant doings among the elect resulting in many battles and butcheries, Christians killing Christians for opinion's sake, Christians killing pagans for Christ's sake, proselyting and purifying with fire and sword, not to mention inquisitions, autos-da-fé, torture chambers, Bartholomew massacres, and a thousand other crimes committed in the name of the meek and lowly Jesus.

"But all such ways of winning heaven pale before this magnificent ditch-work; before these braying mortars that so bravely level forts and tear to shreds beautiful cities, mingling with the broken work of art the mangled remains of the unoffending inhabitants; before your vikings of the air dropping destruction on the mothers and babes of peaceful homes; before your battleships coasting stealthily for some unprotected health or pleasure place; before your terrible under-water engines hurling to hades a thousand souls at a single blast.

"Great days these of electrical industries, of iron and oil creations, of ever yet more powerful explosives, of ever yet more efficient death-dealing machinery; and now that all these good things might not run to waste the demons of Christian civilization are let loose and all Europe goes off in an ecstasy of mutual slaughter.

"Founded on superstition and militancy, which find expression not in the teachings of the sacred books but in the base passions of rulers, religion becomes a factor in the origin and continuance of the war. Statesmen, diplomats, learned professors who chop logic to make the worse appear the better part; preachers who blaspheme from the pulpit, and prayer-mongers who call on God to help his only true and chosen people in their ferocious doings, the quality of their petitions explained and emphasized by these orgies of human butchery, by this outbreak of piety in vindictive passion,—a new demonstration in love and charity perchance, the love of bloodshed and the charity that turns from widow's wails and orphan's cries. Me, I would not to people my kingdom resort to such sophistries. I hold to scorn these profane babblings that find expression in cruelty, treachery, revenge, loss of integrity, loss of honor, in robbery, rape and rank injustice, the fruits by which we are to know the bright road of progress and kaiser kultur.

"Ah! it is progress indeed, such progress that another thousand years of it will make of this earth a hell so hot that my abode beside it will be as the hall of Valhalla or the garden of the Hesperides. Wherefore I Beelzebub, king of kings, salute thee, William, king of Germany!

"Admit then, beloved, that the devil is not so black as he is painted, that he alone in a world of mummery, lying, self-deception, and hypocrisy dare speak the truth. Go to, then, I, Lucifer, star of the morning, will prate and pray with you in all honesty and sincerity. Listen. Let us pray. Let us all pray, of whatsoever name or nation, help us Oh Lord! to kill; help us to kill. Listen not to our adversaries. Curse them, good Lord, curse them; confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks. Art not thou Oh God! a God of war, and is not thy church a church militant? Then help us Oh God! only us thy servants, to kill, help us to kill. Give us peace in thine own time, good Lord, peace with mastery, only with mastery, remember, good Lord. Help us to kill, Oh Lord! to kill.

"How perfectly ethical and logical is prayer!

"'The churches are impotent,' your wiseacres say. Certainly, any one can see that. 'Christianity is impotent.' How do you know; has it ever been tried? 'Prayer is impotent.' Then why insult high heaven with the trash you offer it, knowing nothing, believing nothing, expecting nothing. And as for the prayers of belligerents, it makes us smile down our way, so tangled they become ere reaching the throne of grace.

"'It repenteth me that I made man,' saith the Lord. Wherefore ye who preach and pray for lucre, not for souls, who teach God his duty, telling him so much he never knew before, were it not well to mention his mistake about the Ark, in saving any one when drowning the world in water; a mistake which may now be rectified in drowning the world in blood, and this time make a clean sweep of it, for is not the kaiser the son of Noah? Then, further, were it not well to devise some other means for the betterment of mankind than drowning the people he has made, whether in water or blood? Were it not as well to abolish the Hague, burn your peace-temples, leave inane prayers and prating to women and fanatics, and get at something sensible?

"'God save the king!' I hear you cry; or if of Britain you say God save our excuse for a king. Why is this, why do you want God to save your king? Is it because he assumes supe-

riority, claims divine rulership inherited from some medieval pirate or cutthroat baron? Is it because he imposes upon you unjust burdens, makes traffic of womanhood, harnesses you to crime, forcing you to commit any iniquity his passions may dictate?

"Go to, poor mites of humanity, crawling about on this little lump of earth, your necks under the iron heel of despot rulers. Of what use to you are kings, pygmies under high heaven strutting their brief lives away, presently to rot like the rest, yet whom you follow like sheep to the shambles. Of what benefit to the world are the royal drones, the vagrant nobility, the large idle class that scorn work but scorn not to live on the work of others, and which you are forced to support, besides the burdens of war, religion, and crime? I fain would wish you a better fate. Do you not know that all cultures and cults grow rank with age and die; do you not see that your progress is downward as well as upward, your wars a crime, your religion a hollow mockery which is always harking back to the paganism of ancient Egypt and Rome, while the star of destiny is ever more radiant in the west, new light even now breaking forth over the vast amphitheatre of the Pacific with every sign of promise for the great and final development.

"Enough. If you are content to remain thus, even as I see you now, compelled by your gracious sovereign to crawl in ditches on your bellies and shoot men down as he shall direct, men you do not know and with whom you have no variance, so do. If not, come with me to a higher, happier hell where wickedness may be enjoyed with some degree of common sense and decency."

With the first flush of amazement, the first wave of horror that swept over America on the breaking out of hostilities in Europe came sincere sorrow and sympathy for those about to suffer, for those about to die. The pity of it! Physical endurance beyond compare, and mental distress; then the loss to humanity, the blow to faith and progress, the blow to society, to intellectual advancement and esthetic culture, reform rolled back, Christianity made contemptible, the return to brute force and beastliness, all showing how thin the coating of civilization and religion that covers

our earthly natures. Soon, however, and subconsciously swept in upon us a sense of satisfaction with our better lot, and finally speculation as to how we might profit by the situation.

The popular idea seemed to be that prosperity, as the gentle rain from heaven, was to fall on all alike, without effort on the part of any; but when the hard times following the new tariff continued, and to the income tax was added another by courtesy called a war tax, but in reality a tax made necessary by our invasion of Mexico and other injudicious acts, it appeared that the alleged prosperity was not to be immediate and universal.

Conditions were imposed. The south could not sell its cotton, so that there was no prosperity there. Exporters of raw material in the north were likewise in a quandary. New York was deep in financial problems, and closed the Stock Exchange to avoid panic. Chicago and the middle west were the best off of any, having food products and manufactured articles to sell. San Francisco and the Pacific coast soon shipped away the limited supply of fruit and grain, leaving ample time for the mind to dwell on the benefits of the Panamá canal and the glories of the two expositions. So passed away the first months of the European war with little appearance of great immediate profit to America.

Entering the second half year of the war, times grew worse rather than better. The industrial world was paralyzed. Men of affairs in an atmosphere of financial unrest, everywhere frenzied fighting, wars of uncertain duration, were afraid to move lest they should make a mistake. Ocean transportation was perilous, and dealings with the warring nations difficult. The earthquake in Italy added to the horrors of famine in Poland and Belgium, and among the early movements of ocean-going craft, following the first ravages of the war, were relief shipments to those coun-

tries. Adding to the general embarrassment were the blockades declared by the belligerents one against the other, the war zone thrown around the British isles supported by German mines while England placed chief dependence on her fleet.

But whether or not fighting continued, the world must be fed and clothed, and for supplies all eyes were turned toward America; so that later woolen clothing, cotton knit goods, leather and rubber boots and shoes, harness and saddles, motor cars, and metal-working machinery began to move across the water at the rate of five or six millions of dollars a day taking the place of raw material exports, which for the United States was the beginning of a new prosperity, exports exceeding imports for a time at the rate of a billion dollars a year. Soon we were making cloth such as England formerly made; we took from Bavaria to some extent the toy and machine industries, from France wines and women's wear, and so on. Alien immigration, however, of which a large increase was expected, fell off from the average of previous years seventy-five per cent.

Great Britain made an effort to capture some of the German trade, publishing a monthly magazine entitled *Made in England*, but little came of it. There was little production in France other than agricultural. The famine scare increased sweeping over the world. Appeals for bread came in from every quarter, from Belgium, Poland, Servia, Palestine, Montenegro, Mexico, Samoa, and elsewhere, while England and Germany were trying to starve each other out. Even the United States talked of placing an embargo on wheat. Yet at that moment it was only America between Belgium and starvation.

As time passed by it became more and more apparent that the effect of the war on the United States as a whole would not prove beneficial for some time to come, if at all.

We saw also that it was not a war of peoples but of rulers, who filled with malignity stood aside in places of safety while prodding on their soldiers in the trenches, with little hate in their hearts, to kill, they knew not why; and that at the bottom of it was militarism, which means applied machinery for the slaughter of men, just as Chicago has applied machinery for the slaughter of cattle. We saw that it was not a European war alone, but a world war, one in which sooner or later Asia and America would have their part to play. It was not a passing freak of the Almighty at the hand of his chosen rulers, but a regular old-fashioned raid for blood and plunder, for loot and land, attended by the usual medieval outrages; this for Germany, while for England and France it signified in case of defeat denationalization. All the same they were rather slow in coming to the assistance of Belgium who interposed her body to check the avalanche. England is not quick to do for herself what another will do for her. She does not deal in sentiment; she does not scorn to reap where others have sown; yet being in for this war, which to her is life or death, she will fight it out thoroughly and to a finish.

Fortunately neither prayers for peace nor friendly interposition succeeded in terminating the war in Europe. Did ever anyone expect it? The worst that could befall would be to establish peace before certain issues were determined, without which settlement all the blood and treasure thus far spent were worse than thrown away. It is only ignorance of conditions and shallow self-flattery that cause the occasional outburst of simple souls in wide-spread prayer and inane peace proposals.

The contending forces had as yet reached no stopping place. For though ages may intervene, the full fruitage of this conflict will not appear until kings, royalties, and titled nobility with hereditary rulership are abolished, Prussian

militarism exterminated, and infamous episodes like the present war made impossible.

Prussian militarism; what is it? Rightly it has been called a system without a soul; a state that is a distinct entity, without moral sense or obligation; a nation that is an army and an army that is a nation; a force for aggression, not for defense; a huge machine for crushing peoples, into whose wheels men for cogs are fitted, the emperor of Germany at the engine and diplomats and professors at the furnace.

During the brief period since this war began our eyes have been opened to evils threatening interests vital to the human race. We see the rulers of great nations, among the foremost in intellect and culture, giving themselves up more than ever before to the science and art of human slaughter, cavalierly relegating in time of war, honor, honesty, integrity, and humanity to the plea of necessity. To this end the whole country is laid under contribution. To this end the boy is trained and the man must respond. To this end the rulers, divine or devilish, lay heavy burdens upon the people and drive them to their death at pleasure. What matters it to the master, a few more millions slain, a few more millions starved, the wrecking of a few more cities, the laying waste of a few more provinces, prosperous towns reduced to a memory; it's all in the day's work, and necessary.

Every male infant born of a German mother, to become a German subject, enters the world a bondsman, as part of a mechanism whose purpose and practice is the killing of human beings. From this thraldom there is no escape save through the gates of death. At the proper age and time, boy or man, the victim is placed before others like himself, and all driven on to slaughter. It is a slavery of the soul. Doomed to the shambles from childhood by a rulership purporting to be of divine origin and agency, and

sustained by learned professors trained in the same school and bound to promulgate the same doctrine, there is no crime the ruler may choose to impose that the subject can refuse to commit. Obviously the nation or nations that follow this system and handle such machinery can dominate those that do not; in a word can rule the world as it now stands. This compels others, Americans as well as Europeans, to adopt the same method or go out of business, which means a return to feudalism. It is therefore life or death, the total eradication of German militarism from the face of the earth.

A century ago the French emperor made himself autocrat of Europe; his methods were bad enough, but not so infamous as are those of the German emperor today, yet England and Germany rose and drove Napoleon out. Better America should join the allies than that the world should continue as shambles with the science and art of killing men as the chief industry. As scourge of the world the German William is worse than was ever any French Napoleon or Spanish Philip. With this sort of absolutism in vogue in Europe, a peace-at-any-price people in any part of the world would be among the first to suffer. A good supply of battleships, submarines, and air ships are the best argument in diplomatic circles.

The claim of a divine right of one man to rule over others, it is needless here to say, is an insult to human intelligence. The forcing of men to fight like wild beasts or gladiators in the arena is a form of fiendishness worthy of a Roman Nero or a Russian Peter; the maintenance of men and machinery for inroads upon neighboring nations and the butchery of the innocent inhabitants is a crime worthy of a German William, and exceeding all other crimes. Few realized until they saw its horrible devourings what a monster high civilization was harboring. The only

hope for the extinction of militarism and a long period of peace is in the final triumph of the triple entente.

The cause of the war and by whom originated were topics of controversy at first, each laying the blame upon the other; but the matter was soon dropped as of small moment beside the awful realities that followed. The causes in due time appeared, and so plainly marked that few found difficulty in reaching proper conclusions despite the false reasoning and absurd deductions made by professors and rulers. Preparedness, with kultur and divine kingship as a basic element; add commercial jealousy and elemental hate and we have not long to await spontaneous combustion.

Germany, militarized by forty years of study, invention, and drill, with the largest army and the most perfect military machinery which had yet been seen, took the field under the banner of reinforced barbarism, hastening the attack before the other belligerents were fairly awake to the situation in the expectation of the immediate capture of Paris, which would have been accomplished but for the intervention of brave little Belgium.

Von Bernhardi outlined in his book three years before the war, as is well known, the course which afterward was followed, openly discussing the policy of a world empire. With refreshing candor the kaiser claims that as vicegerent of the Almighty and divinely appointed dominator of the world, with a kultur which to have means deep conscience and high morale, he is not bound by ordinary laws or personal pledges, for he alone can truly translate humanism. It is idle for professors to pretend that the kaiser and his cohorts did not want the war.

Because Germany, insincere and treacherous, prepared for it long and strenuously, applying all the genius of art and industry to the construction of death-dealing implements; because she plainly declared her purpose before-

hand first to dominate Europe, then Asia and America; because from the beginning she everywhere assumed the offensive, springing the conflict suddenly upon the unprepared, breaking treaties, forfeiting honor, treating with barbarous cruelty and injustice unoffending peoples; and because of her ability at any time to have prevented or terminated hostilities, we may be sure that the odium of the bloodiest and most senseless of wars that ever disgraced the name of man will rest with the present rulers of Germany to the end of time. The crime of Belgium, alone an endless shame; a peaceful, happy land, villainously entered and wantonly destroyed, then after seizing for themselves the food supply, and imposing exorbitant ransom upon the despoiled cities, the conquerors turn their back upon the inhabitants shivering under the débris of their so lately happy homes, and seven millions survivors, old men, women, and children are left in their misery with the oncoming winter to freeze, and starve, and die.

We have been taught to regard Germany as the protector of culture, the guardian of the highest civilization and of the purest religion, a barrier to the inroads of the barbaric Muscovite; but when we see the rulers of Germany trampeling under foot the teachings of Christ, assuming God's place and prerogative on this earth, and the professors of the universities defending with illogical verbiage diabolical cruelty and injustice, we say open the gates and let the Russians in.

The day will come perhaps when the German emperor will be pleased to talk peace and peace conditions. Who then will listen? Of what worth the word of one dishonored, forsworn? Of what value the promise of one who openly declares himself void of truthfulness, void of integrity, his treaty worthless, his bond waste paper? A nation outlawed, perjured, why waste time concocting terms with such an one? Necessity knows no law, the

kaiser alone being judge of what is necessary. War is a necessity whenever the kaiser chooses so to declare it. War knows no law; the kaiser knows no law; yet while breaking laws and treaties ad libitum Germany protests loudly against the breaking of international laws by others.

When a country outlaws itself under the plea of necessity, concrete acts of infamy upheld by the German chancellor and sustained by the German war book—how make honorable compacts with a state outlawed?

And what would be the effect on the world were the kaiser's high code of ethics allowed a free course? Already foxy Japan talks of not only repudiating her promises of restoration to China of the late conquests on her border from the Germans, but is making further extortionate demands hitherto little thought of. For is not the Mikado likewise divine, Buddha incarnate, and can he not interpret the word necessity as well as any German potentate whenever he wishes further lootings in China? And that is all the time; indeed, Japan would not object to taking over all of China, and may find it one day "necessary" to do so unless Germany gets in before her. It is a dangerous precedent, and a fine example for pagandom, this mixture of lawless ambition with fanaticism and the divinity craze, the Teutonic blood-lust and kultur-lust with inherited rulership back of it all.

And let America have a care of being caught napping. The Asiatic Frenchmen are a polite people, but when Nippon protests too much then beware of Nippon. Should the United States become seriously involved in war inadequately armed, Japan will doubtless find it necessary to take over the Philippines, and complete her occupation of the Hawaiian islands, already well begun. And alas and alack for the little Nipponese when the fierce Teutons reach the day of reckoning! For it will then be found necessary

to break any terms of peace which meantime may have been made, while due chastisement is inflicted.

The kaiser and his sycophants are so obsessed by a sense of their superiority, claiming for their august chief special privileges from heaven by which Germany is fated to universal sovereignty, that their mental vision becomes obscured, preventing them from seeing far beyond the limits of their horizon. With superb egotism, and a fanaticism bordering on insanity, they openly declare their mission of world dominance, of which these present wars are the initiative.

And the kaiser, though suffering from his superlative excellence and high destiny still asserts that he does not want to be king of the world, but kultur and the divinity that doth hedge him about constraineth him.

With brute force, and brutishness, enough and to spare, the Germans have accomplished wonders, but the time has passed when brute force can hold universal sovereignty, and Germany lacks moral force, lacks even a moral sense, notwithstanding the kaiser's asseverations, while denying any purpose of founding a world empire, that in the kultur, "the deep conscience, industry, and high morale of the German people, is to be found a conquering power that will open the world for them".

Germany assumes omnipotence, but despotism is no proof of omnipotence. Germany would rule the world while practising violence, but the time is past when the world can be governed by violence. More moral force with less physical force would serve the purpose better.

Von Bernhardi and the emperor of course deny any intention of world empire, but who would trust them? Who could tell what necessities might arise, what militarism might demand, or to what measures preparedness and power might tempt them? Of what worth is the pledged word or the written obligation of men whose boast is that

their will is superior to law, that any treaty they may choose to break is waste paper?

The deep conscience and high morale of the German people were manifest in their public rejoicing over the achievements of the German admiral who sailed along the English coast firing on defenceless women and children; and after devastating Belgium how fine the chivalry displayed by the indifference of the raiders to the misery they had caused, not to mention the order forbidding the rescue of drowning seamen blown to destruction by their submarines!

The limit of sanity, however, is reached when Professor Eucken presents the ideal of the fatherland as a spiritual entity, wherein he discerns loftier manifestations since the war began, notably in the manly methods of ditch-work warfare, so superior to that of the cowardly forest savages shooting from behind trees, and in the admirable behavior of the new machinery employed in devastating Belgium by the kaiser, whose ideals of Teutonic kultur and the destiny of his people soar yet higher as he battles for the deliverance of the world.

In this new idealism there is no selfishness, no lust for loot or land, no thirst for power or revenge; all men of all nations, friends and foes alike shall share it,—all that is left of them after this carnival of slaughter is over. As an excuse for this war Professor Eucken, like the others, pleads necessity, a joyous necessity as he declares, resulting in a transformation of soul. Vaterland spiritualized by the new kultur, a cognate people from inner coherence made fit for the new earth and the new heaven prepared for them.

Even though to ears attuned this does not sound like Teutonic rot, yet it were quite as well never to put it into English. We have only to turn to Belgium for a specimen of kaiser love and kultur discipline which we can easily

understand; or if we prefer peace at any price we have only, like Luxembourg, humbly to submit and our lives may be spared and our cities escape destruction.

As the world's war lord, with the world before him and the Prussia that Bismarck and von Moltke had made for him at his back, his people meanwhile confident in his infallibility, there is little wonder that the emperor William, still human though not knowing it, might sometimes overreach himself, as when he reckoned too confidently and risked too much on Italy to complete his triple alliance, and on a subservient Belgium and an inactive England, later to find himself unable to move backward or forward, but only to stand and see his brilliant anticipations fall in ruins about him.

An age of gold succeeding an age of iron, then back to brute force again until the universe grows hazy, and the source of power,—does it come from the skies or is it found in the fruitful fields of pacific peoples?

Rising unrefreshed and unenlightened from the unfathomable depths of Kantian philosophy to the more open plain of Neitzsche, on which the present war propaganda was planted by Treitschke and Bernhardi, placing power before humanity and courage before charity, and overwhelmed by superfluous strength and mental faculties abnormally active in making men and machinery for death-dealing purposes, perhaps the most charitable construction we can place on the course of the Germans, their ethics and their abnormities, in the prosecution of this war would be to credit the rulers and professors with some slight mental aberration. At all events the Teutonic quality of mind and morals, of evolution and progress, expressed in the word kultur, however regarded in Germany, would among the thoughtful people of America be called if not vicious at least delirious. We could not imagine, for example, a man in his right mind, as is told of the emperor,

wondering why the United States does not capture Canada, now that the opportunity offers! "World power or nothing!" is the pretentious cry of German arrogance. Then let it be nothing.

That Germany will ever realize her dreams of universal empire is unthinkable. Then, if that is so, it is equally impossible for her to come victorious out of this war, for the one implies the other. It requires no prophet to see that this Prussian craze has got to be crushed, and will be though it should take ten or twenty years for its accomplishment. Not that the destruction or dismemberment of Germany, a fate such as she would inflict upon others, must follow, but that Prussian militarism must be utterly uprooted as a social and political cancer.

Of the divine mission, the right of inherited rulership, the alleged vicegerency of Almighty God, and the boasted kultur, deep conscience, and high morale of William, emperor of Germany, the story of this war will ever stand as a bright example. And for his epitaph let it be written, He murdered some millions of men and women and children; he also murdered national honor, civil rights and humaneness.

Thus far America has profited but little from the world's wars, but has suffered loss and disturbance. The tide will turn, however, in time, for the country at large perhaps in one or two years; for California it may be in five or fifty years. For we may be sure that the great ocean was made for some important purpose, and the planting of its shores with inexhaustible wealth was for the furtherance of that purpose. It is equally certain that around the waters of San Francisco bay will one day appear a World Centre of Industry, its advent soon it is possible, but more likely not until the present generation has passed away and another quality of manhood appears. For we know

that ever the star of empire has been westward, and that the ultimate west having been attained, here the star rests; but still it shines, for here is to be wrought out man's full and final destiny.

Already the world's financial centre has moved from London to New York. Already a midcontinent world centre of industry is seen at and around Chicago, whose boast is the largest output of each of half a thousand useful things, and whence it is but a single leap to San Francisco bay and the broadest and most opulent of oceans. Neither the climate nor the economic advantages of this favored spot have thus far been fully appreciated; let us hope that the many thousands who come hither from every quarter to view the Panamá canal and our great industrial expositions during this memorable year of 1915 may see things as they are and carry away true and proper impressions thereof.

While the Panamá canal was in course of construction there was scarcely a sea or a river port that did not expect great and immediate benefits therefrom. Some were disappointed. We should know by now that few are enriched without effort by any war, exposition, or canal. Many places can offer some special advantage for commerce and manufactures, but there is no place that offers all the advantages for a World Centre of Industry equal to San Francicso bay.

Centrally situated on the border of the great ocean, held to this day for the more intelligent exploitation by civilized man, and aggregating with its prolific shores and enchanting isles a coast line of more than 35,000 miles in extent, this port has immediately tributary half the world, the other half being easily reached through the Panamá canal. Around the vast amphitheatre of the Pacific, and extending inland hundreds or thousands of miles are metal-veined mountains and alluvial plains which have as yet been scarcely disturbed by the hand of civilized man.

It is safe to say that under the snows of Alaska, in the great mountain ranges that stretch thence southward to and far beyond the tropics, and in the fertile soils of the more habitable parts, whose opulent cities bear testimony to their natural resources, there lies more uncovered wealth than has yet been brought to light by all the nations of all time.

And the availability of it all at our industrial centre, and our advantages in handling it! Cheap electric power from the Sierra, oil piped from the wells to our favored port, cotton from the Imperial valley and all the way to Texas, wool from the north, wood and coal from the coast beyond, while from every part of the broad Pacific at moderate cost, say from three to five dollars a ton, raw material of every sort, all animal and plant products, all minerals and metals wrought out in the laboratories of nature during the countless ages of the earth's existence, may be brought to San Francisco bay, there to be recreated by arts and industries, and thence distributed throughout the world in forms best befitting the use of man.

Then the food conditions and cost of living; plenty to eat at moderate expense; house rents reasonable; healthful airs filtering through the snowy mountains and swept in from the sea; no malaria, no indigenous diseases, no freezing cold in winter nor uncomfortable heat in summer. Indeed, the climate of San Francisco, perfect in its way, whether as an industrial asset or a resort for health and pleasure is just beginning to receive proper recognition. To delightful surroundings are given many benefits,—cool bracing air, average temperature varying between 55° and 70°; fewer casualties than may be found on any other spot of earth; no slaying by sunstrokes or lightning; no floods, cyclones, or blizzards; and as for the earthquake bugaboo, it is an historical fact that more lives have been lost from heat in one day on the eastern coast, or from midcontinent

river overflows, than from all the earthquakes that ever happened in California of which there is any record or tradition, be it for a thousand years back.

The bay itself is a matchless body of water, sixty miles long and from four to six miles wide, and beautiful beyond description, whether in the purple haze of early morning or glowing under a noonday sun. The several large islands, with the Presidio reservation, are held by the government for soldier's quarters and purposes of defense. The borders of bay and islands, with indentations and tributary straits and rivers, give 300 linear miles or more all ready for factories and warehouses with ocean vessels on one side and railway trains on the other. All the leading countries of the world have, or will have, their own lines of steamships running direct to San Francisco, lines from China, Japan, Australia, South America, and from Europe through the Panamá canal, while daily scores of railway trains depart for every near and distant point.

Few will deny that manufactures are essential to the prosperity of a nation, that never was a country permanently rich without manufactures and never was a country permanently poor with manufactures. A land poor from lack of natural products may become rich by utilizing the products of other lands and adding to their value by intelligent labor and distribution to parts where most needed.

Exports and imports are quoted as indicative of national prosperity. Perhaps less of each would be better if home industry were stimulated thereby. It is the export of manufactured goods that indicates permanent prosperity, not the export of raw material. Therefore the first advantage to be derived by the United States from the war in Europe is in checking the exportation of raw material, thus compelling industrial development at home. It is only of secondary importance that the markets of the world are

left open to us while the Europeans are busily employed in the most destructive of games.

Spain by internal development became the greatest of nations; but when gold began to flow in freely from the New World she found it easier to buy than to make; now look at her! Therefore, we may safely say that those who will profit most by the European war are not the growers of cotton nor even of food products, but those who make needful articles and send forth competent agents to open channels of permanent trade.

This is our opportunity, there is nothing that can be made elsewhere in the world that cannot be made at San Francisco. The moment the European war is over there will be a rush to set their mills in motion again, when American gains will receive a check. Manufactures at the present time in Europe are nearly destroyed. Raw materials at present is not wanted there so much as manufactured goods, and manufactured goods we cannot get from there if we would; so that the double benefit is thrust upon us, that while building upon our own resources to the utmost advantage the opportunity is afforded us of establishing permanent trade with all the world. And unless America adopts some more effective and aggressive industrial policy than has yet appeared Germany, when once the war is over, will soon regain her lost advantages and drive competitors from the field, because young Germans are willing to learn more and work harder than others, depending for success more on their own strength and ability than on the weakness of competitors, while refusing labor limitations or any interference in their affairs by the pirates of industry.

Thus endowed by nature and opportunity to assume and maintain the industrial supremacy of the world the discerning mind cannot but perceive that there is something wrong somewhere, that San Francisco has thus far

failed to see or make avail of her high privileges, and that with all her natural advantages California is not in the way of profiting as largely as she might from the Panamá canal and the war in Europe.

Instead of manufacturing for others we do not even manufacture to any great extent for ourselves, but draw largely for our requirements from the east and middle west. Of the many million dollars worth of orders now beginning to come in from Europe the Pacific coast gets but few, and will receive in the future less rather than more unless we make more of the articles we would sell. Apart from horticulture we cannot claim for California an agricultural state of the first class; our products in the mouths of starving millions are luxuries rather than necessities, even our dried fruit being a drug in the market and unremunerative to the grower, while wheat, once our chief product, but which now the worn-out soil refuses to grow extensively without better farming, soars high in all the marts of the world.

Our commerce too, in the absence of staple products and manufactured articles to ship away must remain moderate. Foreign commerce is a nation's road to greatness, but it is not greatness itself. Merely the handling and transporting of goods is work for the crossroads. The commerce that counts is in the sale and transportation of home manufactured articles, not in sending cotton abroad to buy back in cloth.

There is no profit in pretense. No responsive thrill rises in the breast of an experienced merchant or manufacturer at the cries of "Boost! Boost!" "Have a buying day!" "Buy it now!" The shop-window petticoat marked $4.98 does not strike him as a dollar less than $5 in price. Nor do the words "croaker," "knocker," "pessimist," have any terrors for him. No one knows better than he that factories are not operated on empty air, and

that meetings and organizations for the promotion of manufactures where no provision is made for operatives of a quality and at a wage which will enable our factories to compete with those of other nations, meetings where the too timid members dare not even speak the words "cheap labor" are misleading and futile.

Let those who will hitch their wagon to a star; if not securely fastened, and you are wise, you will let the other fellow get in and ride. Boost and bright optimism are pitfalls unless arising from actual conditions and sustained by good business sense. In business and boost as elsewhere truth is stronger than fiction. If the plain facts regarding the superlative advantages of San Francisco bay as a World Centre of Industry do not appeal to the hard-headed man of affairs it is useless resorting to claptrap.

We should have on this coast 100 woolen mills, 1000 cotton mills, and 5000 other factories, and will have some day, these or their equivalent, but only when conditions appeal to capital, and mill-owners are free to manage their business their own way, yet always within the bounds of humanity and healthful progress, but without interference from interlopers of whatsoever kind or quality.

In a loose-jointed republican government extremes often meet. As between the dregs of low society and the chaff of high society there is little to choose. The intermediate class is the commonwealth, those who work, either with hands or head; those who do things, either with money or brain. Work is the greatest thing in the world; God's curse, man's redemption; the Creator's primal punishment, man's greatest blessing. Work is civilization, and civilization is humanity reinforced. The Panamá canal and the California expositions are the apotheosis of labor, not the apotheosis of the manipulators

of labor. A workless world is savagery, and the workless part of society is the worst part. Wherefore as God's best gift, though given us in anger, we hail it as divine, and place it high above principalities and powers.

The workingman of to-day is the concrete expression of that form of labor which bore the primal curse for some several thousand years, whether as the slave of brute force or as the creature of capital, but which now in the more advanced countries has fairly well emancipated itself. Then gradually arose apostles of chicane and greed, who gained ascendency over the workingman to exploit him. Thus was invented and applied coersive measures, nominally for the benefit of the laborer, but really to strengthen the position of the walking delegate, as strikes and incendiarism, the boycott blackmail and unionism; later came dynamite as the ultimate appeal.

While the walking delegate himself did no work, he fared sumptuously every day upon the work of others. Contributions and crimes were imposed. Dues were levied and arbitrary rules established; no American boy might learn a trade even of his own father without obtaining permission and paying for it; any respectable citizen in the legitimate pursuit of his calling might for purposes of coercion or revenge be brought to annoyance or ruin by means of the infamous boycott.

There is in nearly every large city a coterie of nondescripts who do not work but who live from the work of others; who exploit the workingman ostensibly for his good but in reality for their own selfish purposes; who fill the minds of their protégés with false notions, insurrectionary and un-American,—that they have rights which others do not possess, that they have claims on their fellow men which are not reciprocal, and of which their neighbors are endeavoring to deprive them. To maintain these alleged rights they are justified in resorting to any means.

legal or otherwise, even to coercion and crime; in defense of which incendiary claims before the facile courts they employ lawyers, paid large fees from the pockets of the workingmen, and who hesitate not at subornation and perjury.

Called by various names, as walking delegate, boss, sponge, demagogue, labor leader, exploiter of the workingman, the toilers, as the press-panderers sanctimoniously call them, are coddled until, deprived of their natural manliness they become as children in the hands of designing men. Unions are formed and the rights of others invaded. Business men and a pliant newspaper press submit to impudent and unjust demands in the management of their affairs, fearing loss of patronage; judges, office-holders, all who live by the ballot acquiescing, for labor has votes to dispose of. In this way labor becomes a trust, a monopoly, all the work is given at a high wage to half of the workingmen, the other half being left laborless to starve. Contract work, in defiance of law and justice, is given not to the lowest bidder, but to unionism.

As often as otherwise, in the arrogance of ignorance, the labor leaders resort to measures unfavorable to labor, as defeating any measure for the public benefit if thereby they can pose as champions of labor; making the wage of class work equal, regardless of the worth or efficiency of individual workers; advancing the labor wage until it becomes prohibitory to industry, resulting in non-employment and high cost of living. Thinking to gain votes thereby they refused to grant music lovers the privilege of erecting a million dollar opera-house, not at public expense but at their own cost, thus withholding from the pockets of their protégés their part of the expenditure, and leaving in the civic centre the unsightly scar of a vacant lot where might now stand a beautiful edifice. They promulgate the false doctrine not of their right to

work, which no one denies them, but their right to demand that the government, that is to say their fellow-citizens shall provide them with work, whether necessary or profitable or not, which is but another form of blackmail leading to pauperism. As well might trade demand of labor profitable custom, or capital a good investment.

In legislation every measure affecting patronage is stoutly opposed that does not give labor some unfair advantage, some special and unjust privilege. Every advantage over his neighbor is his right, free schools, free hospitals, courts, and penitentiaries, while paying nothing for the support of the government that protects him in his infamies.

The aims and actions of the labor leaders strike at the very heart of American liberty, giving to one class the power of coercion while depriving their victims of any means of defense. Thus laziness and inefficiency are exalted as meritorious; to do the least possible work for the highest pay serves right his natural enemy the employer, the capitalist, or the government. The further fallacy is instilled that restriction by law to a short day's work is a gain forced from the employer, when in truth it is a direct loss to the workingman, to his worth to himself and others, which in the end rules all.

The right to work; labor demands it and the law concedes it. The right to work; unionism demands it for itself, but denies the right to others, the law winking acquiescence. But this is not to the point. Labor leaders demand for their protégés, as before stated, their right to demand that their neighbor, that is to say the man with money or the government, shall furnish him with work. Reverse the proposition, say that the workingman shall supply the tradesman with customers, the lawyer with clients, and the banker with depositors and the absurdity appears. Unionism demands for itself the special privi-

leges it denies to others. It demands that all the work shall be given to half the laborers, while the other half is left to starve. It demands that this coterie shall have short hours and high pay, and enforces its demands upon the disobedient by means of blackmail and the boycott, judges who are elected by votes sustaining the injustice. A singular state of things, one-half of the workingmen unemployed, while all the work is given to the other half at an exorbitant wage, a wage fatal to manufactures and prohibitory to general prosperity and progress. Likewise the non-reversible absurdity that it is an obligation on the part of one class of citizens to furnish another class with work, that is to say with support, since work is their support. I am not speaking of economic policy or ethical obligations but only of the lawless arrogance assumed by unionism.

Wealth is won by work, by work and economy. The same field is open to the laborer of to-day, the same opportunity to utilize the natural and economic resources of the country that his predecessors had.

Instead of making avail of it the exploiters of labor prowl around to secure all they can from government, that is to say the people through their representatives in office who live on votes, and from capital, that is to say from those who have done their work and saved up the proceeds. Another fallacy,—to give the laborer more time, not for the beer-shops but for home enjoyment and mental culture.

The intellectual life is open to him who wants it, whether his wage is three or six dollars a day. Intellectual loafing is not intellectual living, the former being the special province of college graduates and scions of wealth. Intellectual boozing is another sort of culture, practised alike by club-men and hod-carriers. Let us beware of an

excess of kultur and conscience, lest we fall into the errors of the kaiser.

There are classes of workers and there are grades of work. There is high grade work that does and should command a high wage, and there is low grade work that skilled labor will not touch, and which can be done only at low wage. It degrades no one,—you cannot degrade labor,—it injures no one, to give such work to the Asiatic, who is glad to get it, the lowest wage in America being more than the highest wage in Asia. We can never have our World Centre of Industry without employing some cheap labor, and it is an insane policy on the part of our government in excluding it.

No one objects to labor unions, but only their abuse by the exploiters of the workingman. No one objects to unionism, but only to the abuse of it. If unionism cannot win its way fairly and honestly it would be better abolished; it will never be able to sustain itself by violence. No one objects that labor should unionize, but only that it should not tyrannize. Why should we tamely submit to the imposition of labor any more than to the imposition of capital? Labor unions for the pleasure and lawful benefit of the members is one thing, and to this no one can object; unionism as manipulated by professional overseers for the exploitation of the workingman is quite another thing, and smacks too strongly of Prussian militarism long to be endured in America.

The government is quite ready to restrict capitalism but balks before laborism. Governmental superintendence of labor is as necessary as governmental superintendence of capital,—and more, as labor has more votes than capital, and an excess of votes is a fault of our republican government.

Labor in all its many interests and activities, as unions, wages, hours, and strikes should be under the

immediate control of the government and managed by honest and disinterested officials having equally at heart the welfare of the workingman and the interest of the employer,—should be regulated by law as capital is regulated, and not left to the exploiter of the workingman to act as he pleases in defiance of law and from purely selfish motives. Little by little they are undermining the government, inserting their insidious policy in the laws of the state and nation, only like the railroad incubus, let us hope, to meet with like defeat in the end, when the people return to reason and to right.

In no department of economics or industry, of politics or society is such criminal license allowed, such defiance of law, equity, and decency permitted to go unpunished, unreproved, as that practised by the exploiters of the workingman. That they should be permitted by the boycott to ruin an honest tradesman, in the legitimate pursuit of his calling, for simply maintaining his right as an American freeman to manage his business himself instead of allowing others to do it for him, the interloper in the meantime being protected by the police and sustained by the courts in this system of coercion and blackmail is infamous.

Thus it is easily seen why San Francisco is not more of a manufacturing city. Labor is as essential to manufactures as is raw material. If labor and material cannot be had at a fair and reasonable price home industry is doomed. Again be it said, the first consideration for this country is manufactures, the first consideration for manufactures is labor at a fair price, the first consideration for labor is absolute freedom, emancipation from any sort of tyranny. This is the broad road to permanent prosperity and there is none other.

And from the government, to which all good citizens

look for redress, we get no help, for judges and rulers, all who live by the ballot-box, legislative and executive dignitaries as well as the vicious grafter of the municipality, are infected by the same hunger for office, and by the itching palm that actuates and makes fat the exploiters of the workingman and fills the coffers of the highly honorable and respected man of affairs.

It is all very well, however, to rail at the government; the fault is our own; it lies with those who prefer money to morality, who prefer personal profit to the purity of the commonwealth, who prefer ill-gotten gain to honesty and decency, who prefer in courts judges who wink at wealth never forgetting whence are to come the votes to secure their reëlection,—who will submit to insult and interference rather than forego profit, in a word the fault lies with the influential members of the community who are too indifferent or too timid to arise and purge their city of its defilement.

The trouble is that too many of us prefer bad government to good, prefer pliant tools in office to men we cannot buy, prefer slavish labor whose votes we can control to manly citizenship in our workingmen, prefer a small iniquitous personal gain to the honor and interests of a great commonwealth. And withal over this small personal gain which we so jealously guard we are great cowards, the best of us even not daring to speak from our hearts, as was shown at an election the other day when over a score of evil measures put forth by the exploiters of the workingman, not a word was spoken against them while under discussion before election, but at the polls they were defeated by a majority of three or five to one.

To all this, however, there is a brighter side. These evils will pass as all evil passes. Nowhere are found finer specimens of liberal and chivalrous manhood than here. Ever since gold-digging days California has been proud

of her people, and her people have been proud of California.

Though with some money is preferred before morality, and bribable office-holders to honest men, these are not San Francisco; her citizens are much better than the average, more honest, more courteous, more progressive. It is a city full of joy and pleasure, wealthy and laudably ambitious, and prosperous to a certain extent in spite of drawbacks which let us hope are only temporary.

And yet more. There will come a time when this American soil will grow men free from that inordinate craving for office, that love of power and political plunder which is the curse of this republican government, tending as it does to degrade mind and morals and to sacrifice the highest intellectual gifts upon the altar of expediency. There will come a time when on these shores of the Pacific there will be grown a race of men with loftier ideals concerning man and his destiny than any which have yet appeared, men who will value the honor and dignity of their country above any personal advantage, and will have too high a regard for labor to permit the true interest of the various classes of workingmen to be wrecked by suicidal policies.

Then, too, will have passed Prussian militarism, the underlying principle of kaiser kultur, the dementia of Treitschke and Neitzsche and Eucken, the deification of force, of brute force and brutishness, the deification of dishonor, of treachery, of robbery and murder, the basis of Teutonic conscience and morale, an Acheron stream bearing upon its surface pretended purity and progress to the ennobling and redemption of the nations,—militarism, a memory to be recalled with horror.

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